

SPEARING FOR SEA BASS.

ENSENADA ON THE LOWER CALIFORNIA COAST THE PLACE TO GO.

"Let's go to Mexico," said a jolly looking man who, with two companions, had been riding South from San Diego, and were now standing looking

lated means "Aunt Jane." "I was a flower, "line up." The three men placed themselves in a row. The first one counted "one, two, three," and they jumped all together and landed in Mexico.

"I don't see anything of especial interest," remarked the fat man; "let's go back." So they lined up the first man put one foot into the United States. Then the fat man put one foot in Mexico, leaving the other in the States. Just at that moment a Mexican official came up and said:

"You are visiting Mexico?"

"Well, partly," replied the fat man.

"I am the customs-house officer," said the official in Spanish. "You saber?"

"Si, senor. I sabe. Have you the sugar and—let me see," stroking his moustache thoughtfully, "have you the pencil case of my aunt?" This in English.

"No," replied the official. "I have not the pencil case of your aunt; what of it?"

"That's what I've been trying to find out," said the fat man, "why such a question was ever put in a book. That's the way I learned Spanish—have you the handkerchief case of my sister?"

The official began to suspect some game. "Is your friend off?" he inquired of one of the trio.

"Oh, no, I'm merely learning Spanish in two weeks," spoke up the fat man. "Can I converse in Spanish in two weeks without a teacher? Yes, I can converse in Spanish in two weeks without a teacher."

"Well," said the customs man, showing his badge. "If you are visiting Mexico I must search you."

"Hold on," retorted the fat man, who held a valise. "You will notice that I am standing on the Mexican line, with my right leg in Mexico, and my left in the United States. Examine my right side if you please, but you have no right to examine my left and the bag, as they are not in Mexico."

The official stared at the imperturbable face of the American in amazement.

"But I will pull you into Mexico," he said.

"You will, eh?" retorted the fat man. "Yes, I will."

pull me over the line, and as a sovereign citizen of a republic where every man is a king and every woman a dictator, I will call upon our Government, and if I prove that you have forcibly torn me from my native soil, kidnapped me, as it were, to take me to this country, I will sue you to have me annex the whole of this peninsula. "Don't arouse any more, senator; we're right on the annex." . . .

At this juncture another Mexican came up and the two officials consulted. As a result the first approached and said:

"I will search the part in Mexico," and thereupon he thrust his hand into the fat man's pocket, and pulled out nothing. Finally the fat man redoubled and crossed the line and crossed the line, drinking the red wine of La Juana and toasting McKinley. They were bound for the bay of Ensenada, about one hundred miles down the coast, and made it over land over a road that is attractive in winter but hot in summer; the same old road which the pirates traversed in old times and which the Indians of the ecclesiastical chain that bound the mission of San Felipe to the other those five hundred miles up the coast. Ensenada is on a little bay, one of the best on the lower coast, and is a typical Mexican town, with its soldierly brass band and palace for the Governor General. Back of the town rise high mountains—the Sierra Madre—reaching down and beyond them the hot gulf of Lower California, one of the most remarkable and beautiful views in the world.

Ensenada is famous among a few for its first fishing the year around, and among other inducements an old Mexican suggested spearing sea bass. The sea bass here and on the California coast are magnificent fish, resembling the Eastern striped bass in shape, but in color they are a dark gray that on close inspection presents a metallic blue. The fins are a silvery blue. The fish are landed they are veritable humming birds, gleaming with all the colors and hues of the rainbow. They range up to a hundred pounds and over, the average fish weighing fifty pounds, and are remarkably gamy. There was one drawback to this place, boats were scarce and all the men were away on the Yaqui war scare, but a boat was available and the party started.

"You know, along the California coast," said the fat man, in telling his experiences when he got home, "the sea bass fishing is very precarious, the season being from May to July 1st, but generally lasting only a few weeks. But here it

We first tried our rods and found not only sea bass but yellow tail of large size; and as for black sea bass, they ran up to four and five hundred pounds. When we had caught all we wished of yellow tail we went back to the beach and took our spears, as though he might be a descendant of one of the Montezumas, rowed us slowly along. The bass are fine fish to spear, as they lie or swim on the bottom, and we soon ran into a school. It was enough to make me feel like a champion warrior, and I confess the spear handle did jerk about in my hands. There were bass by the hundreds, four and five feet long; and so thick that by looking down we could see them in seeming layers: one of the most beautiful sights it was ever my good fortune to see.

"We picked out the big ones as we could and got the boat within eight feet of him, and then let go. We were a good hand at the grains when it was coming in, and I remember that I thought I found that I had not forgotten it, as the iron struck the big fish fairly in the back.

"With a rush it dove, hurling a bucket of water into the air. The line was not over fifty feet long, and I was surprised to find that

away we went after the fish directly out to sea. It made a game fight, towing us right in the face of the waves, now plunging down, rising, fighting every tow line, circling round, trailing every tow line with relentless force, taking every inch of line we gained, and giving us the fight of our lives. The fish towed us and a heavy boat a mile before we brought it to gaff, and then it took three of us to get the struggling creature into the boat. We took away a fine fish in this way, ranging up to one hundred pounds.

Ensenada is so far from the line of general travel that it is not apt to be crowded, but in the winter it has a fair quota of tourists, and if its attractions were known, its fine quail shooting and fishing, its climate, many more would find it. It lies one hundred miles from San Diego, and can be reached either by carriage or by boat.

Petrified in an Undertaker's Shop
From the Philadelphia Times.

ARMORE, Sept. 3.—The body of the man who was killed on the railroad at Malveru last Wednesday evening and which has been awaiting identification at the undertaking parlors of Joseph B. Pierce, will be buried in Potter's Field tomorrow. His identity is established before that time. Some six years ago a man met a singular death near Brra

and his body was given in charge of Mr. Pearce. At once, he at once embalmed it. At once post-mortem took place and the body remains to this day in his establishment unidentified, but in a perfect state of preservation. The scientific and medical fraternities have investigated the case, and Mr. Pearce has had many offers from showmen and museum managers to purchase the body, but he has refused all offers and retains in his possession one of the greatest curiosities of the kind on record.

Worse of Than He Thought.
From the "Columbian Tribune."

Shadwell: "Well, I'm 'sore worse of than I was fromer by morning."

Barnes: "How 'd you say?"

Shadwell: "I was used up by footpains on my way home last night and tobed."

Barnes: "I'll give you, for you, old man. But ther didn't get the \$6 I borrowed of you before you